And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himſelfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe-conuci'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard huſband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.
1 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip drinke a cup of ſacke?
2 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Conſerues?
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Chriſtopher Sly*, call not mee Honor nor Lo
ſhip: I ne're dranke ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any C
ſerues, giue mee conſerues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment
weare, for I haue no more doublets then Backes: no more ſto
ings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſomtime m
feet then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke through the
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher S*
old *Slies* ſonne of Burton-heath by byrth a Pedler, by educati
Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and now by pre
profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewif
Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii. d. on
ſcore for ſheere Ale; ſcore mee vp for the lyingſt knaue
Chriſtendome. What I am not beſtraught: here's
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your houſe
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,